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the Toulouse "Dépêche" of October 16, 1902 : "At Gelida, near Barcelona, in a procession organized by the curé of the parish a child was to act the part of the angel of the tabernacle. On hearing about it, a younger brother, jealous of the importance accorded to his elder brother, exclaimed, in ridicule, 'I shall be the devil !' In a religious frenzy, his mother seized a knife and cut the throat of the boy." This is said to have taken place on October 15, 1902.

**FOOTPRINTS OF ST. THOMAS.** — In his "Materiales para el estudio del Folk-Lore Misionero" (Buenos Aires, 1894, pp. 32), Dr. Juan B. Ambrosetti notes the legend of the "Stones of S. Pi-pò" on the Argentine shore of the Alto Paraná, near the old Jesuit mission of Corpus. The curious name *Santo Pi-pò* ("hands and feet of the saint") refers to the tradition (of Jesuit origin) that in passing this way St. Thomas, the pre-Columbian Christianizer of America, left on the rocks the marks of his hands and feet as evidence of his power and presence. The "feet and hands" are certain curiously corroded rocks. Dr. Ambrosetti's study contains many interesting items of "Mission" folk-lore. By "Folk-Lore Misionero" is meant not merely that relating to the federal territory known as Misiones, but the folk-lore of the Province of Corrientes, the Republic of Paraguay, and the Brazilian provinces of Rio Grande del Sur and Paraná.

**A FOLK-LORE INSTITUTE.** — According to "Wallonia" (vol. x. 1902, p. 274) there has just been founded at Antwerp, by the poet Max Elskamp, with the coöperation of MM. de Broen and Fierens, a "Conservatoire de la Tradition populaire," a sort of Folk-Lore Institute. The object of the "Institute" is to preserve the originality of the *folk* by securing for it respect and admiration and, if need be, to restore traditions. But, as M. Colson, the editor of "Wallonia," remarks, the greatest "Institute of Folk-Lore" is the *folk* itself, and fixing tradition by writing is not always the same as preserving it. In this connection, it is interesting to note the recent effort of MM. Ren-Ghilain, Dufranc, etc., to preserve the folk-lore of their country, by founding "Le Pays Borain," a very popular journal.

*A. F. C.*

**PIG-TAIL CHARLEY.** — The following tale was told me by an old negro named Lot Hill. He says it was told him by his mother, "a real, genawine outlandish (*i. e.* 'foreign,' — from Africa or the West Indies) woman," though he was born in Kentucky and brought with her to Missouri, "'way long before de railroad kyars was thought of." The tale is perhaps too like the "Pied Piper" to be African, and too unlike it to be European. Lot says he never heard any one tell the story except his mother. He can neither read nor write, but has a good memory well stored with "signs," charms, and other superstitions. He believes every incident of his story really occurred. The story is given in his own words : —

"Wunst on a time, dey was a man dat tuck up a claim in de big oak woods, an' den he bought all de land dat j'ined hisn. Ef de neighbors want to sell,

dat's all right. Ef dey don't want to sell, dat's all right too, kase (because) he *make* 'em, come it easy or come it hard.

"De one dat hilt (held) out agin (against) 'im de longest was a ole witcher'-ooman dat had a mighty fine little place 'longside o' de ribber (river), an' dat little place was de one little place dat he honed (yearned) arfter de mostest. So, he hilt out an' she hilt out, an' he coaxed an' he fussed, an' she ain't go forrid to his notions no mo' 'n de big stump in de field or de big stone squottin' in de holler o' de hills.

"Den, one night, while de storm a-ragin' like de Nora's ark time come back, dat ole witcher'-ooman, she up an'died, an' den, de day arfter de funil (funeral), de man, he out wid a will she done made, a-leavin' de proppity to him, wid de conditionmints dat he fetch up her gran'son, a po', peakedy, no'-count lil young un, wid a whopple (awry) jaw, a blin' eye, an' a swivelled (shrivelled) laig. De whole on 'im no bigger 'n a drap-shot (drop-shot), an' wid mighty little life in 'im, by his looks. Hit seem quare ter de folks, dat will, arfter all de fussmints an' ructions (quarrels and dissensions) dem two been had, but nobody ain't say nuttin, kase why, nobody ain't know nuttin, an' nobody ain't want dat po', lil, ornery boy ter bury, so de man, he tuck 'im home an' sot 'im ter tendin' de pigs, an' dat business did shore 'gree wid de constitutions o' dat boy mighty well. I ain't sayin' dat he *grow* much, but, lan'sakes! de way he do eat. He cl'ar up de vittles lak de fire been th'u' 'em. Eat de meat, gnaw de bone, lick de plate so clean de flies turn dey back on it. Eat de corn-pone outen de pan an' de 'lasses outen de jug. Eat de taters outen de ashes, an' de roas'in'-years. Eat de greens an' de hominy an' de chitlins (chitterlings), eat *all* de vittles an' scrape de pots twell de cook kin see huh face in dey shiny bottoms. My, dat make dat man mad! kase he shore was as vittle-stingy ez he was lan'-hongry (land-hungry).

"Den, de cook flewed up. 'Gimme mo' vittles,' she say, 'kaze de boy eat all an' de yuther han's don't git dey dinner.'

"At dat de man cuss some mo', an' he send de boy down in de woods wid a bag o' taters an' a hunk o' bread an' a piggin (pail) o' salt, an' he say, 'You go russle fo' yo'se'f now, whiles you tend my hogs,' an' de boy say, 'All right, moster; 'an' he go off a-whuslin' (whistling), an' de whustle (whistle) was made outen a ole dried pigtail he picked up some'res.

"Now, I gwine hab some peace,' say de man, but he was mistookened. He ain't had no peace for many an' many 's de day, an' hit ain't but two-thee days twell he noduss (notice) ez he ride eroun th'u' de woods an' de fiel's dat mos' all de pigs is somehow lost dey tails.

"Den, ain't he r'ar an' pitch an' cuss! an' den he recomember 'bout dat pigtail he see de boy suckin' at, an' he hunt up de boy an' ax him p'intedly did he done dat devilmint on de pigs. 'Huccome (how come) my pigs ain't got no tails?' say de man.

"'I et 'em,' say de boy. 'Ain't I allus been entitled Pigtail Charley? I been raised dishaway: I suck de pigtail lak turr (the other) chilluns suck de breas.'

"Den de man r'ar an' cuss twell (till) de trees shuck (shook). 'Yo' lil

sawed-off eend o nutt'n (you little sawed-off end of nothing), git offen my land !' he holler.

" You git offen *my* land,' say de boy.

" At dat de man charge at 'm wid a whup (whip), but de boy, he dodge, an' lose hisse'f mungs (amongst) de trees, an' de man, he rack off to lodge hims kimplaint wid de neighbors, and byme-by de neighbors dey 'gin to noduss dat *dey* hogs ain't got no tails, an' den dey all nunite wid de man to drike (drive) dat boy outen de sottlemint.

" Dey hunt 'im an' dey hunt 'im an' dey cayrn't find 'im ; dough, toe-be-shore, dey find a heap o' his tracks an' de big ash-piles an' de cobs o' de roas'in'-years an' de bones o' a mighty lot o' pigs, an', den, when dey sees how mighty thin de hog crap (crop) a-gittin, dey git desput (desperate) an' dey bring out de dogs ; an' de dogs, dey find 'im a-settin' in de holler ob a big oak tree, a-playin' on dat ole pigtail whussle as ca'm as de cl'ar June day.

" Lemme be,' say de boy, 'an' I let you be ;' an' wid dat, he wave back de dogs, but de men come on fast as dey could fer de hosses gwine (going) sideways an' a squottin' backwa'ds kase dey so skeered o' dat lil whussle.

" Den, de boy run. Gordamighty, how he *do* run ! He far (fairly) split de wind, he run to beat the Ole Boy (the devil), an' de hosses an' de dogs run too when dey see 'm go, but dat ain't all. De hogs, dey come runnin' too, an' sitch a-gruntin' an' a-snufflin' ! — an' de hogs, dey beat the hosses an' de dogs, an' byme-by, wid de boy, dey reach de bank o' de ribber (river) an' de boy, he run down it, an' de hogs, dey run down it licketty-spicketty, pelt, an' dey bofe run, boy an' hogs, wid de boy in de middle o' de bunch, runnin', runnin' 'long de bank twell they come wheres a big bluff stick out lak a ole bustin'-to-pieces wall, de boy whusslin' all de time, an' den de boy he turn roun' an' wave his han', good-bye, an' then he run th'u' de bluff jis (just) lak (like) it was de free a'r o' Hebn (Heaven), an' de hogs dey go th'u' de bluff de same way, follerin' right arfter 'im, so as dey ain't one hog lef' in dat country, but when de men an' de hosses an' de dogs come up, *dey* butt deyse'fs 'ginst de solid bluff an' dey cayrn't git th'u' noway, an' fum that day to this, nobody ain't nuvver set eyes on de hide ner de ha'r o' Pigtail Charley, an' dem hogs, an' sarve 'em right too, kase dey was all a-heppin' (helping) dat man to steal de birfright away from de orphum.

*Mary A. Owen.*

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